POETRY.

The Ringlet.

BY HON. MRS. NORTON.

AH! treasured thus by passion's slave.
Dear relic of the bygone year;
Say, what remains of her who gave?
The vain regret—the useless tear.
The clasping hands—the throbbing brow—
The murmuring of that shadowy word,
To which had answered once—oh! now,
Why is that light quick step unheard!

What in those syllables is found,
That such a start of woe can claim?
A word is but an empty sound,—
Alas! it is—it *was*—her name!
It was—yes, *she* was once! as gay,
As full of life, as aught that lives;
The breath—the life—hath passed away,
But not the pang her memory gives.

Bright tress! thy beauty bringeth now
A thousand dreams of rapture gone;
Her sunny eyes, her radiant brow,
The low, light laughter of her tone.
Gazing on thee, again she stands
Before me, as in days of old;
With all her young head's shining bands,
And all its wavy curls of gold;

Till as I view thee, silken tress,
I feel within my suffering heart,—
'T is all which now my sight can bless,
All that of *her* will not depart.
Oh! thou that wert life's dearest prize,
That now art but a thought of pain;
Why do thy tones—thy laughing eyes
Rise up to wring my soul again?

I roam in vain: the sun that beams
Is still the sun *we* looked upon;
My hand, my lonely hand, in dreams,
Seeks still for thine to clasp its own.
My heart resists all time—all change,
And finds no other form so dear.
My memory, wheresoe'er I range,
Clings to the spot where *thou* wert near.

Change! *thou* wert all life's scenery:
To me, the billowy, bounding wave—
The wide green earth—the far blue sky.
Form but the landscape of thy grave!
Oh! bitter is their boon of life
Who cannot hope—who may not die—
I linger in a world of strife,
Whilst *thou* art in the happy sky!
I envy thee the peace thou hast,
And, but 't is sin, the knee would bow,
That He who made thee all that thou *wast*,
Would make *me* all—that thou art now!

Chinese Education and Literature.

[From "Ten Thousand Things relating to China and the Chinese," an exceedingly interesting work, descriptive of the objects in the Chinese collection in London.]

THE education and literature of the "Celestial Empire" form, beyond comparison, the most interesting and instructive point of view in which the Chinese can be contemplated. We cannot, indeed, praise the *kind* of education practised in China. The studies are confined to one unvaried routine, and to deviate in the smallest degree from the prescribed track would be regarded as something worse than mere eccentricity. Science, properly speaking, is not cultivated at all. There is no advancement, no thirsting after fresh achievements of knowledge, no bold and prying investigations into the mysteries of nature. Chemistry, physiology, astronomy, and natural physiology, are therefore at a low ebb. The instruction given in their schools is almost wholly of a moral and political complexion, being designed solely to teach the subjects of the empire their duties. Within the allotted circle all are educated, all must be educated.—According to Mr. Davis, a statute was in existence two thousand years ago, which required that every town and village, down even to a few families, should have a common school; and one work, of a date anterior to the Christian era, speaks of the "*ancient* systsm of instruction."

A remarkable passage from the closing part of an address of the ancient cheiftain Shun to his successor Yu, found in the Shoo-king, or Book of Records, may not only show the pure system of instruction at that early day, but prove also the intiquity of its author:—

"From the mouth come peace and war. Peace is mild, but war is destructive; from the words of the mouth, then, are these two diverse effects. How greatly ought such springs of evil and of good to be feared!"

These words must have been uttered more than four thousand years ago. They remind us forcibly of the inspired penman, "Out of the same mouth proceedeth blessing and cursing."

There are annual examinations in the province, and triennial examinations at Pekin, which are resorted to by throngs of ambitious students. The whole empire is a university, a mighty laboratory of scholars. The happy men who pass successfully through the several necessary ordeals are honored with distinctions. They are feasted at the expense of the nation; their names and victories are published throughout the empire; they are courted and caressed: and they became, *ipso facto*, eligible to all the offices within the gift of the sovereign. The most learned are appointed to the highest degree of literary rank, the "Han-lin" or membership of the national college. All this means that the emperor may "pluck out the true talent" of the land, and employ it in the administration of his government. The fourteen thousand civil mandarins are, almost without exception, the *beau esprits*—the best scholars of the realm.

The highest literary graduate is entitled to wear a white stone brought from India, called "Chay hew," on a cap, as a distinguishing mark. The success of a literary examination is by them termed "plucking a branch of the fragrant olive," denoting the attainment of the rank of "Keu-jin;" because that flower is in blossom in autumn, when the examination occurs. Educated talent here enjoys its just consideration. All other entitles to respect, all other qualifications for office, are held as naught, compared with this. This, undoubtedly, in connexion with the rigid enforcement of the doctrine of responsibility, is the true secret of the greatness and prosperity, the stability and repose, of the Celestial empire. For, as Dr. Milne truly remarks, they are the ambitious who generally overturn governments; but in China there is a road open to the ambitious, without the dreadful alternative of revolutionising the country. It is merely required of a man that he should give some proof of the possession of superior abilities; certainly not an unreasonable requisition.

In education, the Chinese glory is the inculcation of social and political duties.—Their teaching is chiefly by authority. Hence the great use made of maxims.—These are suspended upon the walls of every apartment, where they are constantly seen and read from early childhood to decrepit age. They say, "Good sayings are like pearls strung together: inscribe them on the walls of your dwelling, and regard them night and day as wholesome admonitions."

The Chinese are a reading people, and the number of their published works is very considerable. In the departments of morals, history, biography, the drama, poetry, and romance, there is no lack of writings "such as they are." The Chinese Materia Medica of Le-she-chan comprises forty octavo volumes. Of statistical works, the number is also very large. Their novels are said to be, many of them, excellent pictures ot the national manners. The plot is often complex, the incidents natural, and the characters well sustained. The writing of the Chinese are exceedingly numerous, and variety of style is very great. From the days of Confucius down to our own times, during a period of more than twenty-three hundred years, there has been one uninterrupted series of authors.

The five classics and four books, taken collectively, are somewhat less copious than the Old and New Testaments, with which, however, they are not to be compared, either in diversity and beauty of composition, or in purity and elevation of sentiment.

Still, the precepts given, the duties inculcated, and prohibitions made, are remarkable, and have elicited inquiry whence writings of so salutary a character for the moral government of this people should have originally emanated.

China has had, too, her Augustan age of poetry. But neither poetry nor prose has assumed precisely the same forms as among the Greeks and Romans. It is remarkable that this brilliant epoch in Chinese letters was during the eighth century of our era, when almost the whole of Europe was sunk in gross ignorance and barbarism. We subjoin a single specimen of Chinese poetry, in a touching little piece, published in the second volume of the "Royal Asiastic Transactions," and written 3000 years ago. Besides the pleasure its intrinsic beauty will afford, it offers a convincing proof of the substantial identity of human feelings in all times and countries. The piece bemoans the fate of a maiden, betrothed to a humbler rival, but compelled to become the bride of a rich and powerful suitor:

The nest yon winged artist builds,
Some robber bird shall tear away;
So yeilds her hopes the affianced maid,
Some wealthy lord's reluctant prey.

The fluttering bird prepares a home,
In which the spoiler soon shall dwell;
Forth goes the weeping bride, constrained;
A hundred cars the triumph swell.

Mourn for the tiny architect;
A stronger bird hath ta'en its nest;
Mourn for the hapless, stolen bride;
How vain the pomp to soothe her breast!

The Tribe in Australia.

"These natives belonged to a tribe totally different from those of the Milmendura, whom we had met with along the shores of the Coorong, and were very inferior to them in physical appearance: their features were remarkably ugly, with a simple silliness of expression, and their figures extremely slight and attenuated, with the abdomen of a disproportionate size. They were filthy and wretched in the extreme; all their teeth were black and rotten; their skin dry, and that of one man presented a purplish-red colour. They approached our fire with their arms crossed over their shoulders; a position that they constantly retained until some grense was given to them, which they commenced eating, rubbing over their bodies, and daubing up their hair. One of them had an old cotton handkerchief which he kept concealed under his arm-pit, and as they were destitute of clothing, the oldest man was put into a blue shirt, which created the greatest possible astonishment amongst his companions; they grew very noisy and merry, ate damper and grease, and constantly touched us with their filthy shrivelled hands. After the disgusting operation of sketching them was over, I was truly glad to see them return to their women in the bush: who, if they bear any resemblance to their husbands, can seldom be the occasion of jealousy, for more hideous wretches it were hardly possible to conceive."—*Angas.*

Scenery in Austrila.

"We penetrated thick woods, amongst which the elegant *corea*, then in blossom, attained a considerable height; and we crossed more spongy plains, covered with shells and tufa "biscuits," and subject to occasional inundations. On some of the swamps, the natives had built weirs of mud, like a dam wall, extending across from side to side, for the purpose of taking the very small mucilaginous fishes that abound in the water when tnese swamps are flooded. Low wooden ranges skirted these plains and kangaroos were abundant. Some of the swamps were coverered with an exceedingly rich black soil, and produced luxuriant sow-thistles and other rank vegetation, the more solid plains were overspread with beautiful green feed, and it was evident we were once more approaching a good country. We came so suddenly upon a native encampment amongst the trees, that the savages had barely time to take alarm at the noise of our horses' hoofs, and we could just distinguish their heels as they were scampering away beneath the bushes: most probably we were the first Europeans they had caught sight of. The party we had thus unceremoniously disturbed had evidently assembled to a convival dinner, for there were two large wombats roasting in the ovens, several choice heaps of roots lay amongst the ashes, and a fine parrot not yet cooked, was suspended to a stick. In their precipitate flight they left all their things behind them—spears, baskets, snaring rods,and a variety of curious implements, these we examined, and left precisely as we found them, though we feared the guests would eat their wombat dinner in a state of continual trepidation and alarm."—*Angas.*

Australian Squatter.

"At two miles further on we discovered another coral basin, which was divided by a rocky wall across the centre, forming two semicircular lakes, with shrubs growing down the steep sides of the basin. The country for some distance was now a vile scrub full of dangerous holes half-hid by the brushwood, and very difficult for the horses to cross. The surface was hard white coral, raised into little hollow mounds like cups, many of which were filled with rain-water and afforded a draught for our horses. This scrub terminated as suddenly as it commenced, and we next entered upon an extensive and beautiful country covered with luxuriant grass, and studded with blackwood, wattle, and gum trees like a nobleman's park. As far as the eye could reach, this magnificent region presented itself, stretching away towards the mouth of the Glenelg and the districts of Australia Felix. Here was a country fresh from the hand of Nature and complete in its native loveliness, with green pastures, shady trees, and wells of pure and limpid water. Beyond the picturesque craters of Mount Gambier and Mount Schanck: the latter appearing as a truncated cone, not more than six or eight miles from the place where we stood.

"In another hour we came upon a dray-track, and presently we heard the bleating of sheep and the barking of dogs. Two huts, built of coral limestone and thatched with bark, stood on the margin of another volcanic basin filled with exquisite water, and troughs, hewn out of the soft white coral, had been constructed for watering the sheep and cattle, the water for which was raised by means of a pulley from the never-failing reservoir below. This was one of the sheep stations of Messrs. Arthur, who had penetrated into this charming country from the New South Wales side, and had brought several of their flocks for the purpose of squatting upon these new pastures. Mr. Arthur—who had watched with mingled astonishment and curiosity the distant approach of nine horsemen froma direction whence no European had been observed to proceed before—soon made his appearance on horseback; he received the Governor with great politeness, and conducted us into one of the huts, where he invited us to assist him in demolishing his supper, which was just ready. We ate heartily of mutton chops and various fried vegetables; the latter being the produce of a small garden adjoining the hut, which spoke well for the fertility of the soil and the industry of our host. Mr. Arthur, adorned with a beard of twelve months's growth, and seated in his rude dwelling, surrounded by his dogs and tame magpies possessed that feeling of freedom and thorough independence which one can never know in England. The walls of the hut, the troughs, seats, and various untensils, were entirely formed of white coral: this substance, when fresh cut, is soft like salt, and easily hewn into any shape; but on exposure to the air it gradually hardens, and becomes perfectly durable."
Angas.

"Tapuing."

"In the evening, Wirihona came into our tent, and we conversed about cannibalism. I inquired of him, through Forsath, if he himseif had ever partaken of human flesh? 'Yes,' said, 'we have all eaten it, when we knew no better.'

"Wirihona then gave us a detailed account of the mode of preserving the heads of their enemies: which *'tapued* heads' are frequently to be met with in Europe in the museums and cabinets of the curious. If they were heads of enemies taken in battle, the lips were stretched out and sewn apart; if, on the contrary, it was the head of one of the chiefs of their own tribe, who had died, and they were preserving it with all customary honours, they sewed the lips close together in a pouting attitude. A hole was dug in the earth and heated with red-hot stones, and then—the eyes, ears, and all the orifices of the head, except the wind-pipe, being carefully sewn up, and the brains taken out—the aperture of the neck was placed over the mouth of the heated oven, and the head well steamed. This process was continued until the head was perfectly free from moisture, and the skin completely cured; fern root was then thrust into the nostrils, and in this state the heads were either placed under a strict tapu, or bartered in exchange for muskets or blankets to Sydney traders. To the shame of the Europeans thus engaged it must be told, that so eager were they to procure these dried heads for sale in England and elsewhere, that many chiefs were persuaded to kill their slaves, and tatoo the faces after death to supply this unnatural demand.—Heads belonging to their enemies slain in battle were prepared and stuck up in rows upon stakes within the pah; to these, every species of savage indignity was offered, and the conquering party danced naked before the heads, uttering all manner of abuse to them in terms of bravado and insult, as though they were still alive."—*Angus New Zealand.*

"A Missionary Cottage."

"At a bend of the river, the romantic cottage of the missionary suddenly appeared in view. It was as lovely and secluded a spot as it is possible to imagine: the little cottage built of *raupo*, with its white chimneys, and its garden full of flowers—of sweet English flowers, roses, stocks, and mignonette—was snugly perched on an elevated plateau overhanging the Waikato:and the access to it was by a small bridge thrown across a glen of tree ferns, with a stream murmuring below.

"The interior of the cottage, which was constructed entirely by the natives, under the direction of Mr. Ashwell,is lined throughout with reeds, and divided into a number of small rooms communicating one with another. The cottage, the situation, the people, and everything around them, were picturesque. Pepepe signifies *butterfly*, and surely the name is not misapplied to this lovely spot.

"The missionary and his wife received us with the utmost hospitality, and we remained with these worthy people during the next day.

"I had not long entered the house before a sweet little girl, with a very fair complexion and long flaxen ringlets, came running up to me. It was pleasant to hear, in this secluded spot, the prattle of a little English child; she lisped to us of the roses she had been gathering, and said that the rain had made them so pretty."—*Angus New Zealand.*

New Zealanders.

"It was a calm and lovely evening, and nothing broke the serenity of its repose but the splashing of the paddles as our canoe dashed onwards. How many a scene of barbarous and warlike times has this noble river been witness to! Fleet after fleet of gaily decorated war-canoes have passed up and down its surface, from the places of slaughter, reeking with blood, perhaps deeply laden with human flesh, and filled with savage heroes, whose war-shouts and yells of triumph disturbed the stillness of the lovely scenes of nature around them. But now the picture is changed.

"A far different era has dawned upon the descendants of those fierce warriors.—The New Zealanders are no longer a fighting people; they find raising supplies for the Europeans a far more pleasant and profitable occupation. The good effects arising from the influence of the missionaries is apparent, even if civilization had been their only aim. The New Zealanders are an intelligent and interesting race; they have fine minds and good dispositions; and if properly treated, no people can behave better. Much has been foolishly alleged against them, by individuals who are entirely ignorant of the true character and meritorious conduct of many of the Maories."
Angus New Zealand.

A Family School.

"Now, close your book, Bob," said the mother, soon after I was seated; "and, Alec, give me yours. Put your hand down, turn from the fire, and look up at me, dears. What is the capital of Russia?"

"The Birman empire," said Alec, with unhesitating confidence.

"The Baltic sea," cried Bob, emulous and ardent.

"Wait—not so fast; let me see, my dears, which of you is right." Mrs Thompson appealed immediately to her book, after a long and private communication with which, she emphatically pronounced both wrong.

"Give us a chance mother," said Bob in a wheeling tone (Bob knew his mother's weaknesses.) "Them's such hard words. I don't know how it is, but I never can remember 'em, Just tell us the first syllable; oh, do now—please?"

"Oh, I know now!" cried Alec. "It's something with a G in it."

"Think of the Apostles, dears. What are the names of the apostles."

"Why, there's Moses," began Bob, counting on his fingers, "and there's Sammywell, and there's Aaron, and Noah's ark"——

"Stop, my dear," said Mrs. Thompson, who was very busy with her manual, and contriving a method of rendering a solution or her question easy. "Just begin again. I said—who was Peter—no, not that—who was an apostle?"

"Oh, I know now!" cried Alec again (Alec was the sharp boy of the family.) "It's Peter. Peter's the capital of Russia."

"No, not quite, my dear. You are very warm—very warm, indeed, but not quite hot. Try again."

"Paul," half murmured Robert, with a reckless hope of proving right.

"No, Peter's right; but there's something else. What has your father been taking down the beds for?" There was a solemn silence, and the three industrious sisters blushed the faintest blush that could be raised upon a maiden's check.

"To rub that stuff upon the walls," said the ready Alec.

"Yes, but what was it to kill?" continued the instructress.

"The fleas," said Bob.

"Worse than that, my dear."

"Oh, I know now," shrieked Alec for the third time, "*Petersbug's* the capital of Russia."

Mrs. Thompson looked at me with pardonable vanity and triumph, and I bestowed upon the successful students a few comfits which I had purchased on my road for my numerous and comfit-loving friends.
Blackwood.

A Fight Between a Mungoose and Corbra Capello.

Being desirous of seeing a combat between a snake and its inveterate enemy, the mungooze (an animal similar to the ichneumon of Egypt). I requested the charmer to exhibit a fight of the kind. He instantly consented (as every one of these men carry not only snakes, but mungoozes with them,) and led us out into the compound—the field attached to almost every house in cantonments. Having expressed our fears lest any of the party might be injured by the reptile, he proposed that the exhibition should take place uder an enormous pheasant coop of worked wire, which was lying unused in the court-yard. This arrangement was acceded to, and, at our suggestion, the snake first taken in the morning was selected for the encounter. The mouth of the vessel in which he was enclosed was placed under the edge of the coop, and the covering suddenly withdrawn. In a moment after, the corbra capello darted out. The kedgeree-spot was then taken away, and the edges of the pheasantry let down. During two or three minutes, the monster poked his nose all round the enclosure, evidently wishing to escape; but finding this impossible, he quietly coiled himself up, freeing, however, his magnificent head from the folds, and remained in a sort of listening attitude. Presently, the man produced the mungooze, and let him into his adversary. Never was I more surprised. This was the first time I had seen one. I had expected to behold a somewhat powerful opponent. Never could I have fancied that so small an animal would have dared to cope with serpents of the largest and deadliest kind: such however, was the case. The little creature which now sniffed round the edge of the coop was about half as large again as an English rat, of a mottled colour, with small red eyes, and would have been a very ugly animal, had it not been for its tail, which was long and bushy, in circumference, near the centre, almost as large as the little body to which it was attached. For a time the mungooze ran about without going direct up to the snake, which, however, having perceived its tormentor on its first entrance, had prepared to give him batttle. Suddenly, the tiny creature, which seemed to be little more than a single mouthful to its adversary, saw the snake, and, without hesitation, ran up to it. So apparently unequal a contest I never beheld. The cobra capello had reared itself, and spread out its hood—a sort of fleshy cape it inflates when irritated, and which has given rise to its designation. The marks round its eyes resembled a pair of spectacles. Its marble-stained scales seemed all alive, as it raised itself some three feet high to meet the attack of the little savage, whose fiery eyes seemed suddenly to glow like red-hot cinders as it rushed towards its mighty enemy, and bit it. The snake darted at it, squeezed it, inflicted its dreadful wound, and then threw itself back. The mungooze was evidently disabled. Faint, and almost dying, it retreated. Many of us fancied the battle over, and regretted the untimely end of the courageous little beast. After limping about for some time, and even lying down with exhaustion, the mungooze began to poke its nose on the grass. What it swallowed none have ever been able to trace, though large rewards have been offered for the discovery. What the herb is which the little animal partakes of, none can tell, but certainly its effects are miraculous: for no sooner did the creature imbibe the sought-for antidote, than it suddenly recovered its pristine strength, and again attacked the serpent. This scene was re-enacted no less than seven times: each time the cobra appearing weaker and weaker, till it actually tired out. The mungooze at length succeeded in catching the monster by the throat, and destroying it, to the surprise and admiration of all present.
Bentley's Miscellany.

Statistics of Large Libraries.

Of the number of works which have been printed since the year 1450, there exist no sufficient data to enable us to form a certain estimate; and, so far as we know, the Statistical Society have not yet grappled with the subject. The number of volumes claimed to be possessed by the twelve greatest libraries of Europe, is as follows:—

The *Bibliotheque du Roi*, in Paris, 650,000; Munich, 500,000, of which one-fifth, at the least, are duplicates; Copenhagen, 400,000; St. Petersburg, 400,000; Berlin, 320,000; Vienna, 300,000; the British Musuem, 270,000; Dresden 250,000; the *Bibliotheque de 'l'Arsenal*, in Paris, 200,000; *Bibliotheque de St. Genevieve*, in Paris, 200,000; the Brera library, in Milan 200,000; Gottingen, 200,000. These are vague numbers, and, be it remembered, not of *works*, but of *volumes*. We may assume with certainty that each of these libraries contains a proportion of its number, perhaps one-tenth, which is not to be found in the other eleven; and we may assume with equal certainty that a vast number of works do not exist in any of the twelve which are to be found in the many libraries of Europe below the number of 200,000. If we take 2,500,000 of works or volumes, to express the number which have been printed—and in our opinion this is far below the actual truth—we find that no library contains much more than a quarter of the books which have issued from the press during the four centuries in which the art of printing has flourished. As there is no published catalogue of any one of these libraries which at all represents its actual state, it is not surprising that such an estimate as we have made should be so vague as it is; but it does surprise us that the amounts of their numbers should also be, as they in fact are, nearly as vague. Whatever difficulty there may be in ascertaining the literary contents of a library, one would suppose it to be a comparative easy task to ascertain, with some degree of accuracy, the numerical amount of volumes—a purely mechanical process. But such is not the case; and it is therefore very difficult to institute a positive comparison between any two libraries. At all times, ten and hundreds of thousands have been spoken of familiarly. To what is said of the 700,000 volumes in the Alexandria library, founded by Ptolemy Philadelphus, we attach just so much faith as we do to the legend of the 11,000 virgins of cologne. The Gottingen library has been quoted repeatedly by the number of 300,000. We have now before us, in the writing of the librarian, Dr. Renecke, that in 1835, though it had 300,000 *works*, it had but 200,000 *volumes*, the number which we have used in our statement. The *Bibliotheque du Roi*, at Paris, professes to have 650,000 volumes. Now, we have seen the rooms in the Rue Richelieu, from the ground floor, where the books on vellum, the *editiones principes* and the *incunabula* of the typographic art, are secluded from the profane eyes of vulgar readers, to the show-rooms on the first floor, where the public wander and wonder, and the dismal garrets above, full of masses of unbound and uncatalogued books "in dire confusion piled;" we have also seen the British Museum library, and its well packed and well-ordered shelves, and we find it difficult to reconcile the relative numbers given with the relative space of each library, and to believe that one is less than one half of the other. Great allowance must be made for modes of enumeration. If every brochure and every pamphlet, and every one of the 60,000 pamphlets of the French Revolution alone, which the British Museum contains, were severally enumerated, as we suspect to be the case in France and elsewhere, the number would be, perhaps 400,000, an amount which though large, is still vastly inferior to 700,000. We have lately seen in the newspapers an amusing statement, which we believe to be nearly accurate, that the printed books in the British Museum library occupy *ten miles of shelf*. We are not about to give here the mileage, nor the superficial, nor the cubic contents of the European libraries; for even if they were measured or sxuared, or cubed with tolerable accuracy, their relative length, or surface, or bulk, would be no criteria by which to judge of their relative value. Munich might well afford to part with its disposable 100,000 volumes, rejected even of America, for a portion of the collection of a private English gentleman, Mr. Grenville. Our purpose in mentioning these numerical details is, that our readers may be able to form some idea of what a catalogue of books on a large scale must really be. If the number of printed books and brochures in the British Museum be 400,000, the titles or entries would be at least 500,000. In the first volume of the new catalogue, we find about 1000 entries or titles under the single name of Aristotle.
Quarterly Review.

Public Walks.

In Austria and France (says Mr. Slaney) there is scarcely a single town without a commodious public walk, shaded by trees, and furnished with benches. Throughout Switzerland the same remark applies, and there the situation chosen is frequently very picturesque, and the promenade is kept with that neatness for which the Swiss are remarkable. The most beautiful are the Cascinne on the banks of the Arno, at Florence; the China walk at Naples, possessing one of the most magnificent views in the world; the promenade below the Strado dei Po at Turin (whence the Alps, clothed in snow, are seen rising in a vast semicircle to the north and west;) and the terrace commanding the lakes and the mountains of Savoy and Chablais, at Lausanne. But Zurich, Berne, Geneva, Basle, Milan, Parma, Modena, Lucca, Padua, and other Swiss and Italian towns, have each their public walks and gardens. Many of their walks have been formed and dedicated to the public by the munificence of individuals; and it seems extraordinary that our wealthy and generous nation, where popularity is of value, and leads to power, should be excelled in these respects even by those who care little for the people, and have no part or lot with them.

The Art of Being Agreeable.

The true art of being agreeable is to appear well pleased with all the company, and rather to seem well entertained with them than to bring entertainment to them. A man thus disposed, perhaps, may have not much learning, nor any wit; but if he has common sense, and something friendly in his behaviour, it conciliates men's minds more than the brightest parts without this disposition; and when a man of such a turn comes to old age, he is almost sure to be treated with respect. It is true, indeed, that we should not dissemble and flatter in company; but a man may be very agreeable, strictly consistent with truth and sincerity, by a prudent silence where he cannot concur, and a pleasing assent where he can. Now and then you meet with a person so exactly formed to please, that he will gain upon every one that hears or beholds him; this disposition is not merely the gift of nature, but frequently the effect of much knowledge of the world, and a command over the passions.
Spectator.

The Wife's Universal Rival.

It must ever be borne in mind that man's love, even in its happiest exercise, is not like woman's; for while she employs herself through every hour in fondly weaving one beloved image into all her thoughts, he gives to her comparatively few of his; and of these, perhaps neither the loftiest nor the best. * * It is a wise beginning, then, for every married woman to make up her mind to be forgotten through the greater part of every day; to make up her mind to many rivals, too, in her husband's attentions, though not in his love; and among these I would mention one whose claims it is folly to dispute, since no remonstrances or representations on her part will ever be able to render less attractive the charms of this competitor. I mean the newspaper, or whose absorbing interests some wives are weak enough to evince a sort of childish jealousy, when they ought rather to congratulate themselves that their most formidable rival is one of paper.—*Mrs. Ellis's Wives of England.*

THERE are two eventful periods in the life of a woman; one, when she wonders whom she will have, the other, when she wonders who will have her.—*Jean Paul.*

Secrets of Comfort.

Though sometimes small evils, like invisible insects, inflict pain, and a single hair may stop a vast machine, yet the chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one; and in prudently cultivating the undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones, alas! are let on long leases.
Sharp's Essays.

Truth.

He that opposes his own judgment against the consent of the times, ought to be backed with unanswerable truths; and he that has truth on his side is a fool, as well as a coward, if he is afraid to own it because of the currency or multitude of other men's opinions.—*De Foe.*

Shrewd Observation.

I always listen with pleasure to the remarks made by country people on the habits of animals. A countryman was shown Gainsborough's celebrated picture of the pigs. "To be sure," said he, "they be deadly like pigs; but there is one fault; nobody ever saw three pigs feeding together, but what one on'um had a foot in the trough."
—Jesse's Gleanings in Natural History

"Mamma!" exclaimed a beautiful girl, who had suffered affectation to obscure the little intellect she possessed, "what is that long green thing lying on the dish before you?" "A cucumber, my beloved Georgiana," replied the mamma, with a bland smile of approbation at her darling's commendable curiosity. "A cucumber! gracious goodness, my dear mamma how very extraordinary; I always imagined, until this moment, that they grew in slices."
Chapman's Weekly Magazine.

OUR COUNTRY READERS.—It is a pleasant thought, when in the course of our editorial labors—(the stereotyped phrase, albeit the labors are not very severe)—we attempt an article, that what we write will be read by those far removed from the busy whirl in which we live; perhaps by the dweller in some lonely cottage in the distant west, where the paper, coming in once a week, is a cheering and welcome visitor. Those about us, grown fastidious by indulgence, may complain of us as etupid, common-place, or dry; may find our news old, our remarks pointless, our cautions impertinent. But we feel sure that the country reader will not only

Be to our faults a little blind,
And to our failings very kind—

but will rather generously over-rate our deserts, than display acumen by picking flaws in our lucubrations. When we call up the face of the distant reader to the mind's eye, it is always an encouraging face, and we can read in it the pleasure which we have ourselves often felt when the weekly mail—a pair of lank saddle-bags thrown across a lanker pony—brought a handful of papers, and perhaps a letter or two, that brightened a whole evening, and transported us magnetically back to well-remembered scenes; or, still better, brought those scenes to the fire-side at which we were sitting. It is delightful to think one's poor efforts may be instrumental, in ever so small a degree, in bestowing such pleasure as this.—*Mrs. Kirkland.*

MISS EDGEWORTH hearing a lady say, "I cannot sing positively," replied, "True, but we all know you can sing *superlatively*.

A Royal Editor.—The King of Bavaria about to start a newspaper, which rumor says, he is to edit himself.

THE Sovereigns of Great Britain, Portugal, Spain and Turkey, are under 30 years of age. The first three are females.

Love is the shadow of the morning, which decreases as the day advances: Friendship, is the shadow of the evening, which strengthens with the setting sun of life.—*La Fontaine.*

IN SPAIN there seems a wider separation than ever between the Queen and her husband, and a divorce is now spoken of.

Ill Breeding.

Ill breeding, says the Abbe Bellegarde, is not a single defect, it is the result of many. It is sometimes a gross ignorance of decorum, or a stupid indolence, which prevents us from giving to others what is due to them. It is a peevish malignity which inclines us to oppose the inclinations of those with whom we converse. It is the consequence of a foolish vanity which hath no complaisance for any other person; the effect of a proud and whimsical humour which soars above all the rules of civility; or, lastly, it is produced by a melancholy turn of mind which pampers itself with a rude and disobliging behaviour.—*Fielding.*

Anecdotes of Dogs.

"But of all the attributes of the dogs, those which seem the most to have claimed attention, are his attachment to man in general, and his fidelity to individuals in particular. The dog very rarely, and never but under peculiar circumstances, seeks to gain his natural liberty. He prefers, to the state of liberty, the protection of man, and lingers near our dwellings, even when he is shunned and disowned by us. When he attaches himself to any one, all his actions indicate that the relation is one which has a foundation in the affections of the animal, and does not vary with the degree of benefits conferred. The dog that shares the lot of the miserable and poor, is no less faithful than another that enjoys all that can gratify the senses. The peasant boy, who rears up his little favorite in his cabin of mud, and shares with it his scanty crust, has a friend as true as he who has ease and abundance to bestow. Release, from the cord of the blind beggar, the dog that leads him from door to door, and will he follow you a step for all with which you can tempt his senses? Confine him in your mansion, and feed him with the waste of plenteous repasts, and let his forlorn companion approach your door to crave a scrap of food, and the dog will fly to him with fidelity unshaken, and bound with joy to be allowed once more to share his miserable lot. Again and again has the dog of the humblest and poorest remained faithful to the last, and laid himself down to die on the grave of his earliest friend.

"Recently, a poor boy in a manufacturing town had contrived, from his hard earnings, to rear up a little dog. The boy, as he was passing along to his daily work, was struck down, and dreadfully maimed, by the fall of some scaffolding. He was carried on a shutter, mangled and bleeding, to a hospital near, attended by the dog. When he was brought to the door, the dog endeavored to enter along with him; but being shut out, he laid himself down. Being driven beyond the outer gate, he went round and round the walls, searching for any opening by which he could enter. He then lay down at the gate, watching every one who entered with wistful eyes, as if imploring admittance. Though continually repulsed, he never left the precincts night or day, and even before the wounded boy breathed his last, the faithful dog, struck with total paralysis, had ceased to live. It well known that the soldiers of the French levies were often mere boys, brought from their country homes, to undergo at once all the rigors of the service. They were often accompanied by their little dogs, who followed them as best they could. Often, after the carnage of a desperate field, these dogs have been found stretched on the mangled bodies of their youthful friends. A French officer, mortally wounded in the field, was found with his dog by his side. An attempt having been made to seize a military decoration on the breast of the fallen officer, the dog, as if conscious how much his master had valued it, sprang fiercely at the assailants. An unfortunate soldier, condemned for some offence to die, stood bandaged before his comrades appointed to give the fatal volley, when his dog, a beautiful spaniel, rushed wildly forward, flew into his arms to lick his face, and for a moment interrupted the sad solemnity. The comrades, with tears in their eyes, gave the volley, and the [illegible] friends fell together. A youthful conscript [illegible] verely wounded in the terrible battle of Ey[illegible] was carried to the hospital amongst hundreds of his fellows. Many days afterwards, a little dog had found its way, no one knew how, into the place, and amongst the wounded, the dying and the dead, had searched out his early friend. The fainting boy was found by the attendants with the dog beside him licking his hands. The youth soon breathed his last, and a kind comr[illegible] took charge of the dog; but the animal wo[illegible] take no food, pined away, and shortly di[illegible] And a thousand other examples might be gi[illegible] of an affection in this creature unaltere[illegible] changes of fortune, and enduring to the la[illegible]

Who has not heard of the unfortunate [illegible] grim of Helvellyn, and of his faithful d[illegible] faithful even in edath—immortalized al[illegible] the Bard Chivalry and Laurel-honoring [illegible] reate? We entirely concur with Mr. Y[illegible] in his opinion, that while poverty may d[illegible] from a cold hearth many a companion of [illegible] happier hours, it was never known to dimi[illegible] the love of one canine attendant.

Idleness.

It is a mistake to imagine, that only t[illegible] lent passions, such as ambition and lo[illegible] triumph over the rest. Idleness, langu[illegible] is; often masters them all; she indeed in[illegible] all our designs and actions, and insen[illegible] sumes and destroys both passions and v[illegible]
Roche[illegible]

No Effort Fruitless.

My firm belief in the moral gov[illegible] the world will not suffer me to think [illegible] good effort is ever entirely lost, or that [illegible] ous and honest endeavor to improve [illegible] tion of man is ultimately made in [illegible] effort may seem insulated and ineffi[illegible] endeavour may appear sterile and fr[illegible] many make an aggregate that is alw[illegible] or later productive of a corresponding [illegible] The moral and physical world will fur[illegible] dant evidence of this cheering and saluta[illegible]
Rev. R. F[illegible]

Reading.

Reading serves for delight, for ornament, for ability; it perfects nature; and is perfec[illegible] by experience. The crafty condemn it, the simple admire it, and the wise use it. Reading makes a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man. He that writes little, needs a great memory; he that confers little, a present wit; and he that reads little, needs much cunning to make him seem to know that which he does not.—*Bacon.*

The Penalty of Genius.

I do sometimes feel the sinking of the hea[illegible] or failure of the hand, to which you allude. [illegible] is, I believe, the penance annexed to the c[illegible] vation of those arts which depend on imag[illegible] tion, and make both painter and poet pay [illegible] their ecstatic visions by the sad reality of a [illegible] ordered pulse and stricken nerves. Someti[illegible] this fiend, if resisted, will fly from you; at o[illegible] ers, it is best to avoid the struggle, and resort [illegible] exercise and light reading. In general, I con[illegible] trive to get rid of it, though the fits must b[illegible] longer and the gloom deeper as life loses its sour[illegible] ces of enjoyment, and age claws us in its clutch. So, according to the old wives' proverb, "We must just e'en do as we dow."—*Sir Walter Scott to Sir David Wilkie.*

Acquaintanceship.

There are some men with whom, on the instant, we seem to get acquainted. An hour's accidental association in a stage-coach, a steam-packet, or a hotel, does more towards banishing reserve and restraint than many months of daily communication with beings less congenial.—They seem to suit us—we part from them with regret; and long afterwards, when their names are forgotten, we remember a pleasant fellow and a happy hour. It is not then that friendship can be made; but we learn from this the advantage of unpretending good humour and frank benevolence.—*T. H. Bayly.*

Great Improvement in Iron Manufacture.

A worthy citizen of this place, Mr. Alexander Dickerson, has recently patented a mode of melting iron ore, and producing bloomed iron which, in the judgment of men well informed on the subject, is an improvement of the greatest importance, not only to manufactures, but to society at large. Mr. Dickerson's improvement consists in combining with a closed forge fire, a tight chamber with an opening at the top to fill in the charge of fuel and ore. The value and importance of this simple invention will be readily apprehended, when we say, as we do on the most reliable authority, that it saves half the coal and half the time required by the old method, and at the same time, makes a better article—and equal to the best Russia or Swedes Iron. It ordinarily takes from 300 to 350 bushels of coal to make a ton of Blooms; and the old forge-fire will make three tons of iron per week, by working day and night, without intermission.

The plan now introduced, it has been proved by satisfactory experiment, would produce double the amount, in the same time, of a far better article, and at a saving of half the cost in fuel—which, when we take into account the total amount of iron manufactured in our country, would make an immense saving, beside furnishing a better quality of iron. It requires but a moment's reflection to see that this improvement is therefore a matter of national consequence and general gratulation. The use of iron is becoming every day more universal. It now enters in a great part of all the economical enterprises of society, and this simple invention, by increasing the production and lessening the cost, can scarcely fail greatly to extend the use of it—and that without dependence upon a precarious Tariff.

These startling statements are satisfactorily verified by the testimony of one of the oldest and most respected iron-masters in the Union, Col. Jackson of Morris County, and his testimony is corroborated, if corroboration be necessary, by Seth Boyden—a machinist and inventor whose opinions on these subjects have the weight and authority of demonstrations.
[*Newark Advertiser.*

Statement

Of the principal Articles cleared at the Collector's Office of the Pennsylvania Canal at Pittsburgh during the month of May, 1847.

Flour,	73,278	brls
Beef and Pork,	2,673	"
Seeds,	437	bush
Bacon,	5,924,706	lbs
Tobacco,	1,430,091	"
Clover Seed,	892	bush
Butter,	53,521	lbs
Lard,	860,026	"
Tallow,	8,983	"
Feathers,	68,960	"
Wool,	82,531	"
Cotton,	59,041	"
Hemp,	822,091	"
Leather,	33,213	"
Hides,	36,602	"
Deer Skins,	142,290	"
Furs and Peltries,	62,692	"
Whiskey,	651	brls
Groceries,	103,984	lbs
Merchandize,	43,904	"
Hardware,	22,438	"
Iron,	52,981	"
Nails,	6,832	"
Castings,	48,258	"

The collections of the United States in favor of Ireland, amount thus far, it is estimated to more than $400,000.

Maysville Hemp Market.

We are indebted to the investigations of a friend for the following exhibit of the Hemp trade of Maysville for the first five months of the present year. It must be especially observed that this statement embraces only the Hemp actually *shipped* from this point, for consumption elsewhere, and is, independent of the large amount manufactured here into bagging and bale rope.

Hemp Purchased, Baled and Shipped at Maysville, from January 1st., 1847, to June 1st, 1847, *twenty-five thousand and seventy-two Bales*, equal to *three thousand one hundred and thirty-four* Tons.

This Hemp was shipped to the following points, and in the quantities named below:

	Bales	Tons
Louisville	6,464	808
Covington	3,328	416
Newport	3,200	400
Cincinnati	4,760	595
Baltimore, N. York, Philadelphia and Boston,	5,984	748
Pittsburgh	1,264	158
Cleveland	48	6
Zanesville	24	3
Total	25,072	3,134

In the same period of time St. Louis, with the whole valley of the Mississippi and all of west Illinois tributary to her as a Hemp market, or shipping to distant points through her enterprising merchants, has only received and shipped some 35,000 bales. It must be recollected, however, that Maysville has operated thus heavily as an *original* point of trade, (if we may so express it,) and not as a point where the business of a multitude of smaller places is compelled by virtue of her position to concentrate.—*Maysville Eagle, 29th.*